

*Penelopes Complaint:*

Or,

*A Mirrour for wanton  
Minions.*

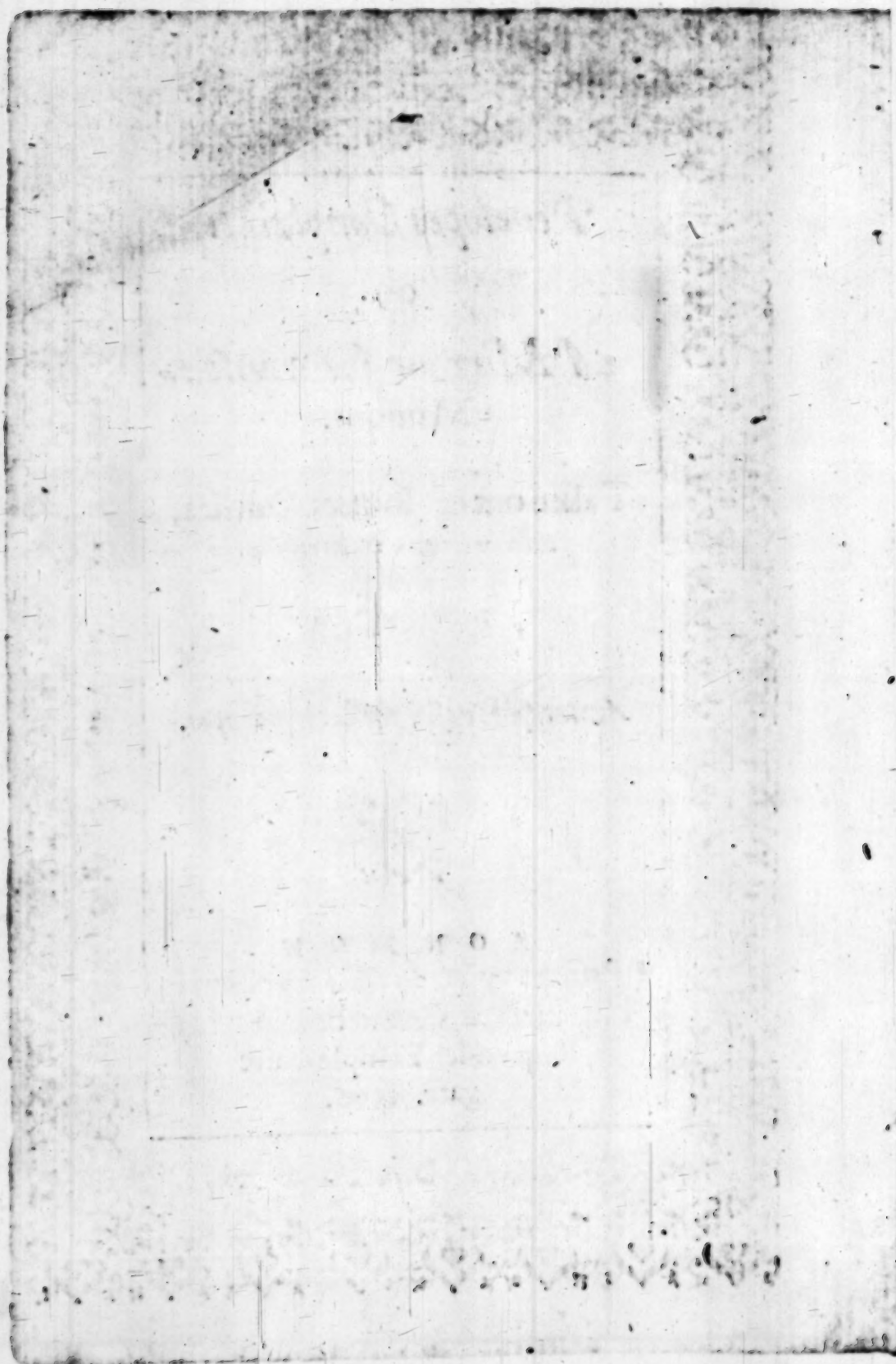
Taken out of Homers Odissea,  
and written in English  
Verse,  
By Peter Colse.

*Armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes.*



L O N D O N

Printed by *H. Jackson* dwelling in  
Fleetstreet, and are to be sold at his  
shop vnder Temple-barre  
gate. 1596.



To the vertuous and chaste Ladie,  
the Ladie Edith, wife to the right worship-  
full Sir Rafe Horsey knight, increase of all  
honourable vertues,



Erasing (vertuous Ladie) a Greeke  
Author, entituled Odyſſea (writ-  
ten by Homer prince of Greeke po-  
ets) noting therein the chaste life of  
the Ladie Penelope (in the twen-  
tie years absence of hir louing lord  
Vlyſſes) I counterfetted a dis-  
course, in Engliſh verſes, terming it  
her Complaint: which treatiſe, comming to the view of cer-  
taine my ſpecial friends, I was by them oftentimes excited to  
publish it. At length wryting with my ſelfe, the ſhipwracke  
that noble vertue chaſtitie is ſubiect vnto: and ſeeing an vn-  
knowne Author, hath of late publiſhed a pamphlet called A-  
uiſa (ouerſlipping ſo many praiſeworthy matrons) hath regis-  
tered the meanest: I haue preſumed vnder your Ladyſhips pa-  
tronage, to commit this my Penelopes complaint (though vn-  
perfectly portraied) to the preſſe: not doubting but the Etimo-  
logie of ſo rare a ſubiect, enchaſed with the Phyſiognomie of  
your excellent chaſtitie: ſo worthis a conclaſion cannot but  
be a ſufficient argument, both to aboliſh Venus Idolaters, &  
alſo to counterwaile the checkes of Artizans ill willers,  
which carpe at al, but correct nothing at al: meaſuring other  
mens labours, by their owne idle humors. Thus offering vn-  
to your Ladyſhip the firſtlings of my ſcholers crop, for a ſatis-  
faction of my preſumption, and hoping you wil pardon my  
boldnes, and accept of this my proffered ſervice, I commit you  
to the grace and tuition of the Almighty.

Your Ladyſhips to command

PETER COLLE.

## Ranſe Harſey Knight

**S** O ſoftly ſweetly muſt ſtand up thy ſhew ſing,  
**I** In ſtill comfort thy ſhadow ſing,  
**R** A ſhocking poſies let C ſpeak ſing,  
**R** A ſhadow ſpeak ſing piercing valour  
**A** Arise and rowle thy ſelfe with ſpade,  
**V** Vn no delay but do the deede.

**F** Faine not, for *M*our nor his name  
**B** Banneter dare with rare renowne,  
**H** Honour with Armes defende the ſtates,  
**O** Of theſe whom due deſert doth crowne  
**R** Reount at large what trump of fame,  
**S** Sound in the praiſe of *H*erſey name.

**B** Bagnade in golden letters write,  
**Y** Your cenſure ſigne with due advice  
**K** Knowne truth ne ſhaky enemies ſpide,  
**N** Nor wrath can touch in any wife,  
**I** Into thy Poem though there priſe,  
**G** Grole Zulus with ſquinted eye.

**H** Harſh, and too rude I muſt confeſſe  
**T** The Poem is to more delight:  
 Yet force of darty would no leſſe,  
 But it preſent in open fight:  
 For what my wit cannot diſcharge,  
 My will ſurely ſupplies at large.

His valour dawns the valiantſt heart,  
 His wiſdome worthy worſhip winnes,  
 His perfect ſcale by due deſert  
 To higheſt point of honour climmes  
 His hand the ſword moſt juſtly guides,  
 And therewith cauſes due decider,

His wit doth Orphanes wrong redreſſe,  
 His hand releues the needy heart,  
 His word the widows we doth caſt,  
 He double doth reward deſart:  
 He naught attempts in any caſe  
 Whereby he may incurre diſgrace.

His chiefeſt care his countrie lone,  
 His chiefeſt lone his countrie care,  
 Whole care conſidered, well doth power  
 His lone, the countrie cannot spare  
 Whom countricmen do ſo adore,  
 That worſhip power man had more.

To Prince he true ſervant is,  
 To common weale a faithfull knight,  
 Her Grace his ſervice cannot miſde,  
 Nor common weale ſo worthy a might  
 Whom law ſo Prince and ſubjects love  
 Preſerve and keepe from all annoy.



The Epitaph upon the Lady Elizabeth  
 Marye Knight, and the Lady Elizabeth  
 Who in September 1594 died  
 aged 34 years

**I**f merites may move, howe'er they be,  
 Or fame advance worthy commendation,  
 Let Muses stand forth with their sacred pen,  
 To write her praises, and her memory to keep.  
 Whose lovely mind with favour'd aspect  
 Heaven and good fortune eminently bless'd  
 With bright beams graciously shining

From farre apart the lovely dames did stand,  
 Th' one from the east with Phœbus arose for our good,  
 Th' other of west where Coronus her home

Gave their gentlest light to her adorn,  
 Whose by their worship, flattery well adapted,  
 Humble their humbles highly gloried

Whose dimes deeds and tried heart was known,  
 Duly commended manifest signified,  
 Happy doubtless, worthy no doubt the name

Whose honors unhuried I will commend,  
 For everlasting ages idly open,  
 Chare of obscurity, free of fables' error

Happy my Muse, but unhappy messenger,  
 That can advance circumscribed commendation  
 Of others, obscurely lying in hopes grave  
 Buried blaspemy

Yet dying, and dead will I sing due trophies,  
 Th' eternall shall flatter records certifye,  
 My Muse shall ever erect monuments to their praise  
 Into the world's end

FINIS. P. G.

In commendation of the vertuous, prudent, and chaste  
 virgin, mistress Grace Horley, daughter to the  
 right Worshipfull, sir Raph Horley  
 knight, and the Ladie  
 Edith.

Glorious Nymph, Dianes darling deere,  
 Rose-garland dresse of damaske red and white,  
 Adorne thou *Vestals* shrine, her poesies weare,  
 Conferude with sweete of honors high delight.  
 Enter the Lyons cause he is thy friend,  
 Though Dragon, well saunt George that thee defend.

H Hunt as Diana did, with Daphne flie,  
 O Outtune *Apolls*, trust not to his rage,  
 R Repose no trust in *Cupids* deitie,  
 S Say *Frustra* to his force, make him thy page.  
 E Enchafe thou vertue with pearles of grace,  
 Y Yongsters may wonder at the encrease.

What faire? wise? rich? with grace combinde?  
 A ioy to al that such a grace behold:  
 So rare a sympathie is hard to find,  
 A gift with fame worthe to be enrold.  
 Beautie and chastitie two deadly foes,  
 Liue reconciled in her lovely browes.

Faire: looke on her there dwelleth beauties grace  
 Wise: her wit the wisest doth abash:  
 Sweete: where is sweete but in her sweetest face:  
 Rich: to her store al treasure is but trash.  
 A Grace she is with such rare Graces dight,  
 Tongue, pen, nor art her grace can show aright.

Finis. P. C.

Candido Lectori hexastichon.

**E**x tibi Penelope prudens, & de iuventa  
cuius tot vates nomen ubique caput.  
Si capis illius nuncos cognoscere mores,  
hunc parum placido perlege fronte librum.  
Nam de Penelope quæ doctus dixit Homerus;  
hic plano & pleno carmine (Lector) habes.

Ioannes Mayo.

Amico suo charissimo P.C. S.D.

**Q**uid querit titulos, quid dotes laetas *Anisa*.  
*Anne ea Penelope est æquiparanda meæ*  
*Penelope clara est, veneranda, fidelis: Anisa*  
*obscura, obscuro famulus nata loco.*  
*Penelope satrapæ est, coniux illustris: Anisa*  
*coniux capensis, filia pandochei.*  
*Penelope casta est cum sponsus abesset: Anisa*  
*casta suo sponso nocte diæque domi.*  
*Penelopeis annos bis decem mansit: Anisa*  
*tot (vix credo) dies tunc inter alia foret.*  
*Penelopeis proceræ cunctis neglecta: Anisa*  
*vix septem prociuum sustinuitque precum.*  
*Penelope neuit, pensum confecit: Anisa*  
*lassavit nunquam pendula tela manus.*  
*Penelope Graijs, Latijs celebratur: Anisa*  
*vnus homo laudes, nomen, & acta canit.*  
*Ergo Penelope vigeat, canatur: Anisa*  
*nullo Penelope est æquiparanda modo.*



## To the Readers.

**H**aving taken vpon me (Gentlemen) to pipe with *Hiparchian*, though my musick be not melodious inough to content the proud *Thessalians*, yet I doubt not but poore shepheards will stirre their stumps after my minstrellie: If the stranes be too harsh, to delight your stately eares (pardon me and accept my mind, and not my musicke) I stretch my strings as I can, desiring rather to teach the simple their vni-forme cinquepace, then effect Courtiers in their lofty galliards, which alter euery day with new deuises. The cause I haue contriued so pithie a matter, in so plaine a stile, and short verse, is: for that a vaine glorious *Auisa* (seeking by flaunder of her superiors, to eternize her folly) is in the like verse, (by an vnknownen Author) described: I follow (I say) the same stile, & verse, as neither mistaking the methode, nor the matter, had it beene applyed to some worthier subiect. Thus hoping you will courteously accept my *Penelopes Complaint*, I wil shortly make you amends with her Will, and Testament, in Pentameters, wherein I wil stretch my wits to Ela, to shew my duetie, and satisfie your desires: and so farewell.

*Peter Culse.*





*Penelope complaineth of Vlysses departure.*

**O**u Nymphs that *Alcidamons brookes*,  
And *Paphos* sportes are disposselt:  
Which want the Sun of louely lookes,  
And are displac'd of *Cupids* crest:

If you haue tried, loues sweete aspect,  
And do lament, your ioyes defoct:

Surcease, your cases to complaine,  
Your losses leaue so much to mone,  
Alas my loues long lacking paine,  
Is more then yours tenne to one:  
But if you needes will puling fir,  
A pew-mate for you am I fir.

Let foolish *Phyllis* cease to faint,  
And for *Demophaon* leaue to mourne:  
Let *Dido* finish her complaint,  
And faithlesse false *Aeneas* scorne:  
For carelesse wights why do you care,  
And causelesse eke so wofull are?

Leaue off (I say) those causelesse cares,  
Help me bewaile my wretched woe:  
What neede you shed those ruthlesse teares?  
Your passions but of pleasure grow,  
Oh help me seely soule, relate  
My toilesome lamentable state.

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

My loue (alas) and I loue sicke,  
Ten thousand leagues to warres is gone,  
And me hath left here widdow-like,  
In shiuering bed to lie alone:  
Oh now, vnto my paine I proue,  
A dririe lothsome thing is loue.

Alacke, how am I galld with grieke,  
Sith that no where I can behold,  
Those louely looks that of reliefe,  
The locks and keyes and al do hold:  
Whose smiling cheekes and merrie cheere,  
To pleasure sweete the Porters were.

*She sheweth how Vliſſes fainted himſelfe mad at  
his departure, and how he was bewraied by  
Palemedes,*



*V*lyſſes, my *V*lyſſes deare,  
Alacke, alacke, and wel away,  
My bedfellow, my friend and pheere,  
*V*lyſſes mine is wend away:  
To ſiege of *Troy*, with heauie cheare,  
Against his wil, I dare to ſwear.

Halfe franticke he (vnwilling wretch)  
And mad almost, himſelfe did faine,  
He warily his wit did ſtretch,  
New nuptiall ſport ſo vext his braine.  
Loue tickled ſo his louely breaſt,  
That he (poore ſoule) could take no reſt.

But

## *Penelope's Complaint.*

2.

But oft would stare as one amaze,  
Or as the soule amidst the fire:  
Yea, grimly oft on me he gazde,  
His flesh so fumed with loues desire:  
Alacke how oft did he complaine,  
Loues parting was a pinching paine

2: —

Woe worth the wretch, that did bewray,  
My good *Vlysses* warie wit:  
Foule fare *Palemedes* I say,  
That so his poysoned venome spit.  
But my *Vlysses* wil ere long,  
Reuenge the villaines spightful wrong.

Meane while (alas) poore worthles wight,  
I want my hearts most chiefeft treasure:  
I leade my life in fancies spight,  
And tarry euer Fortunes leasure.  
I harping sit on Hopes sweete string,  
Till Time *Vlysses* home doth bring.

Adue my ioy, adue my blisse,  
My comfort, and my deare delight,  
By day I shal his presence misse:  
Much more, his absence in the night.  
Of ioy, of blisse, and sweete delight;  
One man at once, depriude me quight.

B 1

She

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

*She discommendeth her married estate, and sheweth the toile she indures.*

**A**H, what a doting foole was I?  
To marry such a manly mate,  
Well taught (alas) now do I trie,  
Too mery was my maiden-state,  
And Angel-like my virgins life,  
But hellish-like, to be a wife.

With mangled mind, lones worthles ware,  
(Poore wretch) I haue too deerely bought:  
Like seely bird, I saw the snare,  
Yet foolishly my woe I wrought:  
Woe to my selfe t'was my desire,  
To *Iuno*s hests thus to aspire.

But sith I would the wanton play,  
And enter into wedded state,  
I wish (but all too late) I say,  
That I had chose some meacocke mate,  
As could haue kept but dogges from dore,  
And not a knight that Armes had bore.

Well mought I thinke, as now I find,  
That long *Vlysses* could not stay  
In *Venus* court, his martiall mind  
And courage stowt would it gaine say:  
Had I at first had this forecast,  
I neede not thus repent at last.

Had



## *Penelopes Complaint.*

3

Had nature me deformed fac'de,  
Or had I not *Vlysses* seene,  
Or had he neuer me embras'de,  
Or in his bed had I not beene:  
Then maiden-like had bin my care,  
Not widdowlike, thus neede I fare.

With distaffe thus I neede not drudge,  
Nor yet with wheele haue worn my hands,  
Nor want of sleepe neede I thus grudge,  
Nor tired thus a-twisting stand,  
Nor yet haue busied thus my braine,  
From hastic sutors to refraine.

*Shee accuseth Hellen of light content.*



**H** for those routs of roisters ranke,  
Which do my silly soule assault,  
And for this toyle I wel may thanke,  
Dame *Hellen* and her foolish fault:  
Her light content makes all men say,  
The Grecian dames cannot say nay.

Had *Hellen* felt my loues long lacke,  
So many wearie winters woe,  
Or sunnie summers lustful wracke,  
As I poore wretched woman do:  
Then had there beene some reason why,  
Her louing pheere she should defie.

B 3

Or

## *Penelope's Complaint.*

Or the such troopes of wooers had,  
Or halfe the courting I endure,  
Of saucie suiters staring mad,  
Her honours breach for to procure:  
Some would haue thought, loue had her won,  
Not lust, to go with *Prims* sonne.

To one mans suite she did consent,  
And scarce entreated did she yeeld,  
Vnaskd almost, to bed she went,  
Without repulse, she fled the field.  
O vile, vnconstant, fickle dame,  
Vnworthie worthie womens name.

How wil Sir *Paris* vaunt at *Troy*?  
Of his successe, how wil he boast?  
(Wel let him heed amidst his ioy,  
Lest *Menelaus* marre his roast)  
Both *Troy*, and *Greece* may wel repent,  
Thy peremptorie light consent.

- Fit, what were al your frumps forgot?
- Where were your chaste and chary lookes?
- Were you so farre with fanisie shot,  
To trust to beauties hidden hookes?
- Where were your sharpe conceited shifts,  
Your wittie, subtle, shrewish drifts?

She

# Penelopes Complaint.

7x

*She controulleth Hellen for her ill example.*

**H**ow dar'st thou looke the *Greekes* in face,  
When they at thee thus with thee meete?  
Alas, with what disguised grace,  
Wilt thou thy wedded husband greet?  
Alacke, it would haue burst my heart,  
If I had played such a part.

Fie, *Hellen* fie: thou womans foe,  
Foule fare thy frensie foolish foe:  
Thy wantonnes hath wrought our woe,  
Oh, this thy fault hath shame vs al.  
Thy follie doth vs crucifie:  
This foule defame can neuer die.

A thousand prettie damfels pear,  
Haue cause to curle this fast of cheere:  
A thousand thousand in their heart,  
Wil wish that *Hellen* had not beene:  
Thy giggish trickes, thy queanish trade,  
A thousand Bridewel bands hath made.

Thy foule example works such force,  
The brau'st thereby to lust are bent:  
The rich as bad as poore, or worse,  
To brothell houses do frequent.  
False play (say they) is no offence,  
For *Hellen* exercise it once.

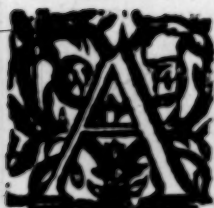
This.

## *Penelope's Complaint.*

This made faire *Iane* of *Naples* queene,  
So wantonly to tread away,  
And *Messaline* for to be seene,  
Those tricks in common stews to trie,  
This damped deede that thou hast done,  
May infants curse that are yborne.

Thy toy is growne to such a trade,  
That few or none wil wive and wed,  
So common now the vice is made,  
That lust, not loue, brings brides to bed.  
For few wil household charge endure:  
— That Palliardice do put in yre.

## *Against Paris and his trecherie.*



Lacke how could *Sir Paris* flie,  
His countrey and his owne true loue?  
What heart had he, how durst he trie,  
From native soile thus to remoue?  
What had his lone *Demone* done?  
That he so retchles from her runne.

What furie forc'd his franticke head?  
To *Troy* had *Hellens* beutie rung?  
What, was he sure at first to speede?  
That thither in such haste he flung?  
Was he so resolute and rash,  
No princely port could him abash?

What



## *Penelopes Complaint.*

1

What (Deuil) set his ships on saile,  
And hither sent the leachers band?  
Could he vnto no harbour haile,  
But thus at *Lacedemon* land?  
Was there no place for to arriue?  
Must needs the wind him hither driue?

I would his mother had not knowne,  
His father *Priam*, or that she,  
So foule a firebrand had not borne,  
As he to *Troy* is like to be:  
Would she had dreamed of his death,  
Or wisely she had stopt his breath.

I would that he had not beene borne,  
Or seas had sunke him downe to hel,  
Would tempests had his tackling torne,  
Or he on craggie rocks had fell:  
Would sea haggies had transformed his hue  
Ere euer *Hellen* did him vew.

I would (I wish with al my heart)  
That *Leacher* he my ghest had beene,  
I would haue better plaid my part,  
Then did the brainsicke doting queene:  
Had he but sought *Ulysses* place,  
These fingers should haue fixed his face.

C

Then

## *.Penelopes Complaite.*

Then should sir *Paris* soone haue felt;  
The furie of my chaste desires,  
*Vlysses* seene how I had delt;  
The dole that lawles loue requires.  
My good *Vlysses* had beene sure,  
How faithful alwaies I endure,

My heart had not thus sacrificde,  
Nor yet such woful incense sent:  
Sorrow had me not thus surprizde,  
Then had I liu'd at hearts content:  
In corners darke I neede not creepe,  
Lie downe to waile, and rise to weepe.

The world had not felt my outcries,  
The aire my sighes, the earth my teares,  
My prayers had not pearst the skies,  
Nor troubled so celestiall eares:  
But sighes and prayers are in vaine,  
My Lord sith they bring not againe.

*Antinous interrupting her sighing, offereth his suit.*

**F**ie Ladie fie: why sigh you so?  
Be of good cheare, what neede you fray  
Those heart-bloud suckers wrecke your woe,  
Those farfetcht sighes loues want bewray,  
Heigh ho againe: alas for woe,  
To whom shal this sweete message go.

Extirpe

## Penelope's Complaint.

5

Extirpe the monster out of mind,  
Those passions al tread vnder foote,  
Sith that *Vlysses* proues vnkind,  
From of your heart the traitor roote:  
Who would take care for such a knight,  
That leaues his loue in field to fight?

Let not loues want disturbe your head,  
For by the Strygian lake I sweare:  
I am a Lord, I will thee wed,  
My faith and troth shal soone appeare:  
Else wil I rest your secret friend,  
Those loueficke motions to amend.

*Her answere to her wooers.*

**M**Y Lord: for me take you no care,  
My loues losse I my selfe wil mourne:  
I wonder you so witleffe are,  
To trie by force, the streame to tourne:  
What though my loue doth time prolong,  
With shame shal I requite the wrong?

Shame followes sinne, as beames the sunne,  
Amisse wil out though closely done:  
Folly disface can neuer thunne,  
Reproach breaks out vntbought vpon  
My countenance would me bewray,  
If I amisse should do or say.

C 2

Shall

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

Shall I my soules shipwracke procure?  
Shal hateful slander spot my name?  
Shall faire speech me to lust allure?  
With pleasure shal I purchase shame?  
Ile rather pine in my complaint,  
— Then shame shal crowne me *Cupids* saint.

I can but thanks afford for loue,  
Your good will for to gratifie:  
Your practise meane I not to proue,  
Your secret friendship I desie,  
Sith (Lordings) you haue mist your aime,  
Leaue off in time, those toyes reclaime.

For why? it neuer shal be said,  
*Penelope* did tread awry:  
Nor truly told, she false hath playde,  
Or spotted her pure chastitie.  
My lords, I loath your wanton lure,  
Your faith shal not my fall procure.

Therefore my Lords and louers al,  
Let me this at your hands obtaine:  
(For feare of that which may befall)  
That you my house a while refraine:  
— Vntil my towre be at an end,  
Then I with speede wil for you send.

*Shes*



## *Penelope's Complaint.*

*She complaineth of her wooers misrule, and feareth to  
write to Vlysses, for putting him in a ielousie.*

**W**hat shall I say? what shall I doo?  
How diuersly am I perplex?  
With lustie gallants that mee woo,  
How am I silly woman vex?  
What shall I to those roisters say,  
That shameles tempt me night and day?

From *Samos* sutors to me post,  
And *Zacynth* cutters do me court;  
Besides those of our *Ithac* coast,  
Lads of *Dulichium* do resort.  
What shall I do? what shall I say?  
Those stately gamsters brooke no nay.

My good *Vlysses* goods they waste,  
And me poore wretch, do they torment:  
Lord-like torsooth is their repast,  
When he poore man is wel content,  
At siege of *Troy*, with souldiers fare,  
Vnwitty of my wofull care.

If I should to *Vlysses* write,  
And shew him of their careles coyle,  
How earnestly they me incite,  
My constant faith, and troth to soyle:  
I might breede Bees nests in his braine,  
And put him in a ielous vaine.

## *Penelope's Complaint:*

For he is wise, he wil suspect,  
My lightnesse breeds their fond desire,  
Some caule he'll thinke, doth adde effect,  
No smoake appears without some fire:  
So seldome is there seruent loue,  
But where some kindnes doth it moue.

- Then may he presently for spight  
— Acquaint him with some forrein fro:  
My slut (saith he) I wil requite,  
Sith she at home doth serue me so,  
Since so vntrulie she doth range,  
— Brow antlers with her Ile exchange,

*She wisheth Vlisses to beware of the cruel Troians.*



O, no, my gem and sweetest ioy,  
Thou shalt not neede for me to care,  
Thou busines hast enough at *Troy*,  
Looke wisely to thy owne welfare,  
For *Troy* yeeldes many a dogged lad,  
Which makes me sighing sit thus sad.

Ah how doth feare affright my heart?  
I dreade and yet I neede not doubt,  
Though froward fortune doth him thwart,  
He's warie, valiant, yea and stout,  
And beares the minde he will not stoupe:  
For proudest he in *Troian* troupe.

Yet

## Penelope's Complaint.

7

Yet (Heartagold) reſtraine thy heart,  
Be not too forward on thy foes,  
Ah (true loue) let me thee intreate,  
Be not the firſt at bloudie blowes:  
Though of thy ſelfe no care thou make:  
Yet (ſweete) of me, ſome pittie take.

Beware of hugy *Nector's* hand,  
To ſwifty *Dolon* take good heede:  
What needſt thou fight, which maiſt command,  
Thy ſouldiers for to do the deede?  
Let them God *Mars* his mercie trie,  
Stand backe and come not thou too nie.

Giue *Menelaus* leaue to fight,  
The cauſe is his, he had the wrong,  
And *Agamemnon* worthie knight,  
The quarrel doth to them belong:  
Let fiery *Ajax* fight his fill,  
But (if thou loue me) ſtand thou ſtill.

Ah let thy conſort *Dionede*,  
And ſtout *Achilles* battell wage:  
Let hardy *Hercules* at heede,  
His ſwelling furie there aſſwage:  
From battell (ſweete) do thou deſiſt,  
Loue thou, and let them fight that liſt.

*He*

## Penelopes Complaint.

*Her supplication to the Gods.*

**I**Hou *Ioue*, Lord of *Olympus* hie,  
If thou wilt heare poore widows grieſe,  
Looke down with thy tranſplendant eie,  
And yeeld vs wretches due reliefe:  
Our loues, our liues, and deſtinie,  
Do on thy Princely powre relie.

And thou *Apello*, which in fight,  
With Thunderclaps, didſt *Cyclops* quell:  
In *Greekes* iuſt quarrel ſhew thy might,  
Raze and confound thoſe *Troians* fell:  
Which wrong vs with their villanie,  
And triumph in their tyranny.

And *Iuno*: we do thee implore,  
To tender our vnworthy wrong:  
To vs, our wedded mates reſtore,  
For we, (alas) haue lackt them long:  
With ſpeede let them returne againe,  
Leſt we our bridall beds do ſtaine.



## *Penelope's Complaints.*

*She accuseth Menelaus of folly, for making warres  
for Hellen.*



As not Prince *Menelaus* mad,  
For strumper thus to leuie armes?  
This makes the wanton woman glad,  
Yea: she will laugh at these alarmes?  
For war's a play-game, they suppose,  
That neuer tasted bloudie blowes.

Who would in warres his petson trust,  
Which safe in peace at plearure swimmes?  
For paltrie giglet so vniust,  
What Prince would hazard life and lims?  
At push of pike, as soone doth light,  
A wound on Prince, as worthles wight.

What if the *Grecians* haue the foile?  
(As warres euent vncertaine is)  
How wil she glorie at thy spoile?  
Thy bane wil be to her a blisse?  
Then shal we widdowes wearie worne,  
A fresh begin to waile and mourne.

Put case the *Troians* haue the worst,  
(As we al wish for *Hellens* sake)  
The silly people then accurst,  
With outcries wil the aïre shake:  
Then shall they wretches dearely buy,  
Their prinkox *Paris* trecherie.

D

What

## *Penelope's Complaint.*

What ghastly groanes, wil dead men giue?  
How wil the maimed howling lie?  
How wil the aged fathers grieve?  
How wil the silly infants crie?  
And widdowes (in worst case of al)  
How wil they for their husbands call?

From fire and sword shal few be free,  
With famine some shal hunger-starue:  
The virgins they deflowr'd shalbe,  
(The Lord vs from such state preferue)  
It grieues my heart to shew the paine,  
They for a strumpet shall sustaine.

## *She sheweth Vlysses worthines.*



*Vlysses* deare, the Gods thee shield,  
And send thee home wel to retourne,  
For loue to thee they all may yeeld,  
Thy like in loue was neuer borne:  
So Angel-like did shine thy face,  
It was a blisse thee to embrace.

Alacke he was the worthiest,  
The gentlest, and the meek'st of mind:  
The truest, and the faithfullest,  
That of a thousand I could finde:  
The wisest and the wariest,  
And one I lou'd and liked best.

## Penelopes Complaint.

9

Ah, good *Vlysses* was my trust,  
With him contented still I stood,  
He hath my loue in clay and dust:  
He die for him to do him good.  
To him I gaue my heart and hand:  
Therefore both vow and gift shal stand.

*She bewailes the want of Vlysses in the night.*



Lacke how loathsome is my bed?  
How sore for sleepe my eielids chide?  
What phantasies possesse my head?  
How palsy-ficke is euery lim?  
Such shivering ague-fits me shake,  
As make my very heart to quake.

Such vgly shapes doth *Morpheus* shew,  
Such hips and hawes, and sudden care,  
Doth of those vaine illusions grow,  
Which dreaming represente I are:  
Sometimes I sigh, sometimes I start,  
Such terror doth torment my heart.

I want (poore wretch) in darke some night,  
The comfort of my dearest friend:  
My sorrowes leach, my hearts delight,  
Whose verie sight my grieve would end:  
Whom if I mought but once embrace,  
I sure should be in happie case.

D

Sh



## *Penelopes Complaint.*

*Sheweth her defect of beautie.*

Alas how tawnie am I turnd?  
How am I wretch transformd in hue?  
How am I scorched, and sunburnd?  
A gasty creature for to vew:  
A mirror I, for beautie was,  
But now a monster, for disgrace.

My skinne that cleare as christal was,  
My cheekes that crimson silke did staine,  
My eies like bright transplendant glasse,  
My browes, fraught with each prettie vaine:  
My skinne, my cheekes, my eies and browes,  
Are like to soot, in smoaky house.

Ah when to *Troy* my true-love wend,  
He left me shining maiden like,  
But when that he doth backward bend,  
He sure shal find me beldam-like:  
But *Ioue* I thanke thy glorious grace,  
For this my wrinklingorrowed face.

*Penelope warneth her maides to beware  
of hot affection.*

**A** H damfels deare, which see the care,  
Of mistres yours *Penelope*:  
And see how lowly I do fare,  
Be rul'd, and take this reede of me:  
Hast not too soone for wedded charge,  
Lest that you wish you liu'd at large:



## *Penelopes Complaint.*

10

Of hot affection eke take heede,  
For often I haue heard it told,  
That hastie liking hath slow speede,  
And loue soone hot, is quickly cold:  
And those that woo, ere wise they are,  
Are won sometime, ere they beware.

The virgins state, I must confesse,  
Is too too tedious for to beare:  
But widdowes state exceeds excessse,  
So fickle and so fraught with feare:  
Wherefore see that you maides remaine,  
Of euils take the least of twaine.

For if you (wantons) wedded were,  
(As yet you farre vnworthie are,)  
To one that with my wedded pheere,  
Might euerie way for worth compare:  
What pleasure of him can you take,  
If he your companie forsake.

Put case that you (my prettie ones)  
Should match with such a brainicke boy:  
As would not sticke to baste your bones,  
What then? where were your bridall ioy?  
Then might you wish, but al in vaine,  
That you vnwedded were againe.

## Penelopes Complaint.

Thus if you wed a worthie knight,  
Then of his death you still wil doubt,  
And if you haue a wretched wight:  
Then wil you wish, his braines were out:  
But either ill for to preuent,  
I wish you vnto none consent,

*The speech of her wooers.*



H Princely nymph *Penelope*,  
A goddesse, were thou not to coy,  
*Pallas* may not compare with thee,  
Nor *Venus* with her blinded boy,  
*Mycene* could not thy craft fulfill,  
Nor had *Alcmena* halfe thy skill.

Say (sweete *Icarus* daughter deare)  
Do thou no longer vs delay,  
Whom wilt thou take to wedded Pheere,  
That al the rest may post away.  
Either say yea, or else denie:  
Thou must take one, or al drie.

No worthles wight shal with thee wed,  
Though thou the worst amongst vs chuse,  
Feare not: *Vlysses* he is dead:  
Shew reason if thou vs refuse:  
Say, if thou loathe our Parentage,  
Or dost dislike our personage.

*Her*

## Penelopes Complaint.

11

*Her answer to her suitors.*



Y lovely youthes, and Lordings all,  
As I haue said, so say I still:  
I can but thanke you great and small,  
For this your kindnes and good will.  
It grieues me (Gallants) to the heart,  
I cannot grant you your desert.

I loue you all, I do protest,  
As did *Diana Phæbus* faire,  
Who of al woodmen, likde him best,  
But when he lou'd, to loathe him sware:  
So you as friends, I entertaine,  
But louers, I you al disdaine.

Yea though my loue his bane hath bought,  
(As Gods forebode) yet must you stay,  
Vntil my web be fully wrought,  
For why the world shal neuer say:  
That such a worthie knight as he,  
without a shrowde should buried be.

*The wooers aduised Telemachus, Vlysses son, to put  
his mother out of doore, and inherit the land.*



*Telemachus*, thou foolish lad,  
A Lord thou were, if thou hadst wit:  
Thou hear'st thy father he is dead,  
And we thy friends al can proue it:  
Wherefore it now doth thee behoue,  
That thou thy mother dost remoue.

Why

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

Why dost thou not thy birthright claime,  
And turne the beldame out of doore?  
Thou seest al we at her do aime,  
To do vs right, we thee implore:  
If from thy house, thou her expell,  
We would her wed, and al were wel.

With scoffing cardes she doth vs load,  
And with faire speeches vs delay:  
And woodcocke-like leades vs to roade,  
Yea like tame fooles, she makes vs stay:  
Thou art the onely cause of this,  
Therefore amend that is amisse.

*Telemachus answer to the wooers.*



And is this al that you can say?  
Is this the counsel that you vse?  
Do you your parents so obey?  
Can you your mothers so abuse?  
No force: my father shal not find,  
His *Telemac*, so much vnkind.

For let my father liue or die,  
If I my mother ill intreate:  
Why then my Graundfire I cary,  
With vengeance (surely) wil me threat.  
I feare if I should her offend,  
The Lord short life would to me lend.

Your



Your companies I well could spare;  
Pardon me if I fret and fume,  
I see right little do you care,  
How you my fathers goods consume:  
Except you better you behave,  
Your absence shortly let me craue.

*She debateth with her selfe of marriage.*



Now may I leaue, now may I take,  
Now may I loue, now may I hate,  
I now may chuse, I may forsake,  
Twixt yea, and nay, stands my estate:  
Now may I marrie, for my ease,  
Or else may carrie if I please.

My husband (hardly) is aliue:  
And though aliue, yet ten to one,  
If euer here he do arriue:  
What foole so long would lie alone?  
Who would a widdow stay so long,  
And nature of her right thus wrong?

*Antinous* my loue doth seeke,  
(A gallant Lordly minded lad)  
And *Eurymac* (fac'd Angel-like)  
To win my loue would be right glad:  
Sith with such sutors I am sped,  
Why should I not poore widdow wed.

E

My

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

My father wills me for to wed,  
And that shal stand for my excuses  
What though I soyle my bridall bed?  
*Vlysses* will me not refuse.  
And when againe he doth retourne,  
What care I though he do me lorne.

But deuillish wretch, how do I dote?  
What hellish hag doth me possesse?  
What? shal I sing *Medeas* note?  
Know good, and follow nothing lesse:  
Shall I that yong a saint haue seemd,  
In age a deuill right be deemd.

No, no, my constant chastitie,  
The world throughout about shal ring  
In prayse of chaste *Penelope*,  
From time, to time, shal al men sing:  
My fame shal mount vnto the skie,  
When *Hellens* vile defamd shal dier

### *Her commendation of chastitie.*



Chastitie, the cheefest key,  
Of womens worthie treasury:  
A vertue that's of virgines gay,  
The pure and redoubted dowry.  
A poety springing fresh for aye,  
A flowre that neuer can decay.

*Diana*

## Penelope's Complaint.

13

*Diana* it did beautifie,  
And her among the gods enroll:  
And *Ganimede* her chastitie,  
Did to the heauens hie extoll.  
*Zenobus* with her maiden might,  
Did ramping Lyons put to flight:

When lawles loue, to luckles end,  
A thousand, thousand, daily brings,  
*Diana* to the woodes doth wend,  
And sweetely with hir damasels sings.  
*Diana-like*, I wil disdaine,  
Both louers ioy, and louers paine.

*The complaint of her waiting women against  
the wooers.*



**A**h Madame, if you loue your life,  
Or do regard your chastitie:  
If you wil be *Vlysses* wise,  
Or tender your poore familie:  
Those helhounds al with speede expell,  
Which of your house do make a hel.

*Antinous* he sweares and stares,  
By al the othes he can deuise,  
If you come not, he vnawares,  
Wil you salute in shamefull wise,  
Foule shame shal take them al and some,  
Ere I againe amongst them come,

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

For madame they haue me defilde,  
with cruel shameles villanie:  
Alas I feare I am with childe,  
With trusting to their tyranny.  
Oh would to God I buried were,  
I am so tost with doubtful feare.

They are so dronken al with wine,  
They care not what they say or do:  
(Sauing your presence) where they dine,  
They do discharge their stomackes too.  
And al that euer they inuent,  
Is but to haue vs wretches shent.

One sings, *Vlysses* sure is dead,  
Another saies, he feedes the fish,  
Another at him shakes his head,  
Another doth him euil wish.  
Yea some your strangers ill intreate,  
And others do your seruants beate,

Yet al this wil not them suffice,  
Not al your cates, and costly cheare.  
But they amidst their Gourmandice,  
Your siluer plate in peeces teare:  
But when *Vlysses* comes, no doubt,  
He wil asswage this reuel rout.



## Penelopes Complaint.

4

*Her speech vnto her sonne Telemachus.*

**T***elemachus* (my louely sonne)  
What shall we silly wretches doe  
I see we shall be al vndone,  
Vnlesse thou to thy father go.  
Those Lordings that a wooing come,  
Will eate vs out of house and home.

Alas I cannot be so rude,  
By cruel meanes their blood to spill:  
Nor yet by force them to extrude,  
That proffer me so much good will:  
Alas their loue I must respect,  
Though their conditions I reiect.

Thou seest, how wastful eke they are,  
And in our house keepe careles coyle:  
Ther's neither of them al do care,  
Nor what they spend, nor what they spoile.  
Yea now with me they may not match,  
Well's he my fillie maids can catch.

*The reply of her sonne Telemachus, then but  
a childe.*

**P**Eace (mother) fie: what neede you mourne?  
My father will not you forsake:  
Be of good cheare he wil returne,  
No thought for him (good mother) take:  
He will with vs arriue ere long,  
And wil reuenge our wofull wrong.

E 3

Ah

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

(Ah mother) would I were a man,  
I would so plague these leachers vile,  
Not one of them should scape me than,  
They should not thus our house defile:  
O how I would their carcas carue?  
- They should not you thus shrewdly serue.

These trencher flyes me tempt each day,  
To turne you (mother) out of doore:  
The land is mine (these lyars say)  
My father he is dead of yore,  
Yet mother, here you still shall rest,  
Of women al I loue you best.

Oh you may see (sweete mother deare)  
How friendly minded they are bent:  
And eke what louing hearts they beare,  
By this their trecherous intent.  
But I commanded them be gone,  
How say you? was't not stoutly done?

Wel, though my father he be slaine,  
(As Gods forbid it should be so)  
And that he neuer come againe,  
Yet one day will I worke their woe.  
My dearest bloud I sure wil spend,  
My fathers house for to defend,

Meane

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

15

Meane while(al heart) to *Troy* Ile trudge,  
If you thereto wil but consent,  
To runne or go I wil not grudge,  
Pray(mother) peace, lest they preuent  
My going forth,when I come backe,  
I wil not feare the proudest iacke.

### *Her Epistle to Vlysses,*

**V***lysses*(if thou be aliue)  
Peruse those lines I send to thee,  
(Sweete)let me see thee here arriue,  
Tis booteles for to write to me.  
Not thy epistle be thou sure,  
Thy present sight,my grieve must cure,

Ah say(sweete heart) and trueloue mine,  
How canst thou lingring stay so long?  
Why cam'st thou not home a this time?  
How canst thou offer me this wrong?  
Say(sluggard)what doth thee restraine,  
That thou dost not returne againe?

The *Troian* warre is at an end,  
To finders *Troy* is quite consumde,  
The Argiues aldo homeward bend,  
With incense are the Altars fumde.  
Some troe I feare me,holdes thee backe,  
And that's the cause thou art so slacke.

To

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

To *Pylon* haue I often sent,  
To forrein countries farre and neare:  
My messenger to *Sparta* went,  
But there no certaine newes could heare:  
At *Troy* (they say) thou were not slaine,  
That makes me hope thou com'st againe.

Ah good *Vlyses* hie thee home,  
For I had sutors long agoe:  
If that thou say, thou wilt not come,  
Then know I what I haue to doe:  
I neede not long a widow liue,  
A hundred gladly would me wiue.

For of *Dulichium* fifty two,  
Most stately sutors seeke my shame:  
Of *Zacynthe*, twentie do mee woo,  
From *Samos* foure and twentie came:  
Besides twelue of our *Ithac* states,  
On whom, *Maden* the minstrell waites.

My father eke doth me accuse,  
And saies, I do my wooers wrong:  
And too too much my selfe abuse,  
Sith widdow-like I stay so long.  
But let him daily me reprove,  
From constant faith I wil not moue.

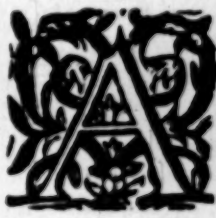
Yea



16  
Yea, let him say, or do his worst,  
I will be but *Vlysses* wife:  
To him I gaue my faith at first,  
With him I'll end my loue and life.  
To him, ere I wil faile my faith,  
I sure wil die a Martirs death.

As twentie winters there are gone,  
Sorwentie more I meane to spend,  
I wil vndoe that I haue done,  
Ten thousand times before I end.  
Yet shal I thinke each houre twaine,  
Vntil you do returne againe.

*She accuseth Antinous, that he goeth about to kill  
her sonne.*

ntinous I haue beene told,  
Thou wert a youth that did excell,  
(Ah true I proue the prouerbe old)  
Report vntruth doth often tell.  
They say, thy like not *Ithac* had,  
I thinke it hath not one so bad.

How dar'st thou me the mother court,  
And go about my child to kill:  
Thou swear'st and star'st thou mean'st no hurt,  
Yet dost deuise his blood to spill.  
But you can wake, although you winke,  
And say right wel, though ill you thinke.

**F**

**But**

But take thou heede, and warning good,  
And warning giue to al the rest:  
Beware of spilling princely bloud,  
For vnreueng'd it will not rest.  
Wherefore see that his life you saue,  
If fauour you or me wil haue.

*The reply of Eurymachus, in the behalfe of the  
woodes.*

**A** Ssure your selfe (my dearling sweete)  
Ther's no man here, that wil or shall,  
Him hurt, Ile die first at his feete,  
Before mishap shal him befall.  
Be bold, whilst me aliue you see,  
From sword I sure wil set him free.

For thine, and for *Vlysses* sake,  
*Telemachus* I wil pieterue,  
(Who on his knee would oft me take)  
And rost meate often to me carue:  
Ile sheath my sword within his kinne,  
That first to touch him dares beginne.

Am I not here? what needs thou dread?  
Thou maist command me heart and hand,  
Ile him defend aliue or dead,  
My word and deede, shal firmly stand.  
Wherefore (sweete heart) be of good cheare,  
And cast away this foolish feare.

## Penelopes Complaint.

17

*She bewaileth the sending of her sonne Telemachus to his father.*



Las, what haue I (fondling) donet  
How haue I on aduenture sent,  
*Telemachus* my onely sonnet  
Ah: for his sake shal I be shent,  
If by this meanes he do miscarrie:  
Then of my life shal I be wearie.

What will the common people say?  
(As they are prone to speake the worst)  
She, she, her sonne hath sent away,  
(See who would fickle women trust.)  
That she may with hir wooers wed,  
And so defile his fathers bed.

What dangers dire shal he endure?  
Rocks renting dread, and tempests doubt,  
Of measure hard he shal be sure,  
If prouling Pirates pry him out:  
Or if *Antinous* descry,  
His skil in swimming shal he trie,

Alas: if my sweete *Temelac*,  
(Whom for to shield the Gods I pray)  
On wastfull seas should go to wracke,  
What wil my good *Phylles* say:  
My life alas I soone should lacke,  
As hearbs to pot he would me hacke.



## *Penelope's Complaint.*

But if it be my destinie:  
I stil wil wale with wofull heart,  
Til time doth end this Tragedie,  
Or chance doth cure my carefull smart.  
And I my selfe, my selfe wil hate,  
Til death doth e. s. my dolefull state.

But see, he comes right wellcome home,  
(Sweete *Telemachus* my prettie boy)  
What? is thy father with thee come?  
Tel true, what liues my louely ioy?  
Ah say the truth, and do not faine,  
Will my *Vlisses* come againe?

*Telemachus sheweth his fathers cunning: and how  
he means to be reuenged of his Riuals, and sheweth  
some of his fathers acts.*

**N**Y father (as you say) doth liue,  
Loe here, a letter he hath sent,  
And shortly here he will arrive,  
For to returne is his intent.

But priuily he will you prece,  
That with those Riuals he may meete.

He swears he wil torment them all,  
Not one of them shall scape his snare,  
He'll kill and slay, both great and small:  
As dogges from doore he wil them drive.  
He swears he'll see their eyes all out,  
Ere he wil feed so foule a rout.

*Eurymachus*



## Penelopes Complaint.

18

*Eurymachus* he wil take downe,  
And eke *Antinous* swelling pride,  
He'll coxe them all, I hold a crowne,  
For that they do him thus deride,  
He'll teach them better v<sup>l</sup>e their tearmes,  
He'll learne them scoffe a man at games.

Though that those lads haue long him loath'd,  
If he in fight should but appeare,  
They al would wish they were vncloath'd,  
So that they lighter legged were.  
They'll rather wish for feete that day,  
Then either gold or rich array.

For he at hazard more hath beene,  
Then taking downe such trencher-knights,  
His prowes at siege of *Troy* was seene,  
He hath subdued worthier wights.  
Yea(mother) he hath beene at bel,  
Where the Prince *Plato* dire doth dwell.

He thrust out *Polyphemus* eie,  
For that he did his fellowes eate,  
And he scapt *Circes* sorcerie:  
He feared not God *Neptūns* threat,  
When three daies shiples he did faile,  
His hardy heart did neuer faile.

# Penelopes Complaint.

*Penelope readeth Vlysses letter.*

**H**Y letter when I ouer-looke,  
(*Penelope my sweetest taint*)  
I note the care that thou hast tooke,  
And pittie take of thy complaint.  
Lo: to release thee of thy doome,  
(*Sweete heart*) at once I write and come.

Thy faithful hand I quickly found,  
The pledge and token of my troth,  
Whereby to me thou first wert bound,  
And I to thee, by solemne oth.  
So welcome thereof was the light,  
My heauie heart it made ful light.

I would to God my sluggardise,  
Which thou so highly dost accuse:  
The *Greekes* at *Troian* enterprise,  
Had holden for a iust excuse:  
Then had I not endured the toile,  
I now sustaine in forrein soyle.

Then had I staied still with thee,  
When I my selfe did franticke taine:  
It grieu'd me (trust me) to agree,  
The warres so soone should part vs twaine.  
I would, nor could, as thou maust see,  
So lightly leaue thy companie.

No *Troian* trull doth me retaine,  
For *Troy* to cinders quite is rasde,  
*Priam*, and *Paris*, both are slaine,  
And al the countrey quite defolde.  
*Sarpedon* slaine, and *Hector* stout,  
And *Mars* so hurt, his guts came out.

I scotfree scap't, and *Rhesus* slaine,  
His palfreys led I to my tent:  
I feared not the *Thracian* traine,  
But boldly I amidst them went:  
And those that *Diomedes* slue,  
Still by the heeles I from him threw.

Thou needst not doubt, my life or loue,  
The one the *Troians* could not spill,  
Nor th'other *Mermaids* could remoue:  
To thee it resteth constant still.  
No comfort haue I on the sea,  
But loue, to make me thinke on thee.

*Parthenope* did oft assay;  
Me to her loue for to allure;  
Yet could she not me so betray;  
My toyle I stoutly did endure:  
And when she saw I would not stay,  
She drownd her selfe in surging sea:

Nor

*A. unappreciated*  
Nor yet *Calypso* with her skill,  
When in *Ogygian* Isle I staid,  
Could with her druggs win my good will:  
Though oit so shamefully she assaid.  
Though me immortall she would make,  
Yet could I not thee so forsake.

And where thou laist, thou tutors hast,  
It is a credit I confesse,  
If they our substance do not wast,  
Nor thee of honour dispossesse:  
Beware lest thou amidst thy wine,  
Dost grant them that is none of thine.

If to the hundred thou hast had,  
A thousand tutors more thou set,  
Yet haue I had a sturre as bad,  
With lasses, my true loue to get.  
Do Lords the court? a common case,  
Vnaskt, braue Ladies me embrace.

But (wife) you scarcely did me please,  
When *Telemac* my onely soune,  
You set on mercie of the seas:  
Confesse a truth it was ill done,  
That loue vngrateful is ywis,  
That to such danger, subiect is.

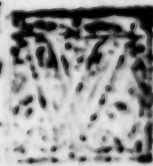
But



But now his course is finished,  
Our danger is at an end;  
My dolour eke diminished:  
You after me no more shall find  
For suddenly you shall me see,  
Before those Rivals looke for me.

Meane while, suppress thy merrie cheere,  
Let not thy tutors know my mind,  
Vnto their costs I wil appeare  
The helhounds shall me seele and find.  
Thy countenance see that thou keepe,  
When thou shouldst laugh, for that thou weepe.

I wil not open warres proclaime,  
Nor yet by force of armes there come,  
Amidst their banquet wil I aime,  
To cut them off both al and some.  
And when you see those Rivals slaine,  
Then say that I am come againe.



*The aduice of Eurydea, vnto Penelope*

**O**H daughter deare my Iem and ioy,  
My comfort, and my onely care,  
Ah, I doe preserue thee from annoy,  
And from those spoiles that threaten are  
Be charie of thy chastitie,  
Which tutors seeke so shamefully.

*A newes Complaint.*

Thy waiting women they abuse,  
Without remorse or conscience stung,  
And of thy house they make a stewes,  
Thee to dishonour for to bring.  
Take heed in time I thee advise,  
Wit bought, is as too deare a prise.

These wylie Gallants sweare and stare,  
If thou to wed wilt not consent,  
Thy house they'll top sic turvy teare,  
And eke thy heart in peeces rent.  
To hide thy selfe I thinke it best,  
And unto ~~low~~ commit the rest.

*Her reply to Euryclea.*

**V**hat are they men, or are they not?  
Or are they beasts, or are they worse?  
Are lawes of God, and men, forgot?  
No care of God, nor yet his curse?  
Or dread they not the day of doome?  
That they so beastlike are become.

Shal men, that God himselfe hath made?  
And do his Image represent,  
By their abominable trade  
To be the devils liars consent?  
O most vnworthie wretches vile,  
That do their vessels so defile.

*Penelope's Complaint.*

21

Fie: what can they not eate and drinke?  
But they must surfeit shamefully?  
Can they not mischief meane or thinke?  
But they must blab it by and by.  
Can they not prettie damfels vse  
But they their bodies must abuse.

*Aurelianus* here we lacke,  
Or *Julia* with her sacred lawe:  
Then should those gallants go to wracke,  
Then better would they stand in awe,  
For then the sword or else the tree,  
From shameful force, should set vs free.

O cursed times, O cruel facts,  
O manners vile, for men vnfit,  
O dismal daies, O hainous acts,  
O helish haggas, of *Plutus* pit,  
O spightfull, cruel tyranny,  
Enforcing endles misery.

My tongue doth tremble for to tell,  
The villanie that they inuent,  
My heart (alas) with griefe doth swell,  
To see brave men so beastly bent,  
From this their wicked trechery,  
The Lord aboue deliuer me.



**Ulysses Complaint.**

*She bewaileth Ulysses long tarrying*

**H**ow doth *Ulysses* time detract  
How doth he play the coloning knight,  
He woteth *Troy* is alreadie sackt,  
Yet wil he not appeare in fight.

I feare me he hath caught some doue,  
And keeps her tame, with tills of love.

I would I with be false did play,  
Of spight I would be twinged be,  
But then what would the people say?  
As is the hee, so is the vice:  
No, no, the care I absent take,  
His presence wil the sweeter make.

Nor wealth, nor woe, nor enies crosse,  
Nor grieve, nor gaine, nor fortunes fall:  
Nor paine, nor pleasure, lucke or losse,  
Nor treasure, nor yet wretched thrall,  
Shall make me my *Ulysses* loath,  
Nor to him false my faith and troath.

*The speech of her woe, challenging her*  
*by promise*

**C**ome on (sweet *Ulysses*) with an swer now  
Your towe is twill, *Ulysses* is enough  
With speede performe your sacket vow:  
Thy murmring mate his death hath sought.  
*Harpyades* haue on him fed,  
The cutie-spoiler he is dead.

Thee



Thee for to wed is al our sute,  
And now thy answer we expect:  
Therefore say quicke, be not so mute,  
Which of our lutes wilt thou accept?  
If thou no ready answer make,  
Thy house we neuer wil forsake.

(Sweete Nymph) resolute vs now with speake  
Thinke ere thou speake, denie not flat:  
For we are they can do the deede:  
Thou maist refuse thou knowest not what:  
Make readie *Hymeneus* bed,  
For why, we must and will thee wed.

*Her answer to the wooers.*

Sweete Lordings though my web be wrought,  
And al my towe be readie spun,  
Another doubt comes to my thought,  
You know, what worth *Vlysses* won:  
Yow know he was a worthie knight,  
And got him honour for his might.

It me behoues to draw the latch,  
And of my choyce in time beware,  
Lest I with such a milkesop match,  
As may augment my wotted care,  
Or you in fight for me contend,  
And so the mightie Gods offend.

*Penelope's Complaint.*

Lo Lordings, this is my decree,  
He that *Vlysses* bowe can bend,  
That worthie wight shall wed with me:  
Away with him I soone wil wend.  
Hold take in hand to bend the bowe,  
Your strength that quickly I may know.

*Vlysses being come home, disguiseth himselfe, and  
soiourning with Penelope amongst the woo-  
ers, maketh this answer.*



Hy then (faire queene) to win thy loue,  
I silly wretch wil also trie,  
My shruelled sinewes will I proue:  
To win this worthie masterie.  
Had I my youthfull strength and skill,  
I would the act right soone fulfill.

*Euymachus* I thee beseech,  
And eke *Antinous* I thee pray,  
To giue me leaue my strength to stretch,  
Which gods haue almost tane away:  
Necessitie hath pincht me too,  
A cruel dart it is you know.

The bowe resigne into my hand,  
I trial of my strength wil make,  
And if the same I cannot bend,  
The prize you shal among you take:  
But if the bowe be by me bent,  
To wed the Nimph is my intent.

*The*

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

29

*The weeres scoffingly checks Vlyffes.*

**H**OW dar'st thou Palmer thus to prate?  
And with vs yongsters thus compare?  
Content thee with thine owne estate:  
Of Palmery go take thou care:  
Although *Vlyffes* bowe thou bend,  
With Baldpate shall she neuer wend,

But too much wine makes thee thus mad,  
Which wiser men doth brainicke make,  
And bragge of that they neuer had,  
If out of measure they it take:  
Therefore leaue off to make such strife,  
For her thou shalt not take to wife.

Leaue off I say: thus to contend,  
If thou wilt banquet here at rest,  
We wey not who the bowe doth bend,  
For that we hold but as a iest.  
But if with vs thou so contend,  
Thou soone shalt feele thy fatall end.

*She checketh Antinous for abusing her ghests.*



*Antinous* leaue off I say,  
Our ghests thus euil to intreate,  
Discurteous parts why dost thou play?  
My stranger thus why dost thou threat?  
Their neighbours al they wil abuse,  
That strangers practise to misuse.

This



## Penelopes Complaint.

This stranger is of stature tall,  
And borne of worthie parentage:  
The likeliest amongst you all,  
If force consists in personage:  
Pray giue him leaue his strength to trie,  
Why offer you this iniurie?

If that *Apello* giue him powre,  
For manly might the price to win,  
Then wil I waite on him each houre,  
And costly webs array him in:  
My onely toy I wil him make,  
And him to husband wil I take.

*Telemachus wifeth his mother to be silent.*



Ic: sic: what neede you thus to chaunt,  
Silence doth best become your sex,  
Tis giglet-like, thus for to taunt,  
What thogh those vilains do you vex:  
Yet (mother) you must patience vse,  
And smother vp this vile abuse.

Vnto your maids your mind disclose,  
And talke of that you haue to doe,  
What neede you counterchecke with those,  
That nothing appertaines you to:  
Thei'll say you are already won,  
Their companie you cannot shun,

*Telemachus wifeth his mother to be silent.*  
*Telemachus wifeth his mother to be silent.*



## Penelopes Complaint.

24

Sweete (mother) let me answere make,  
That am a man, and know to speake:  
My speech, shal make them for to quake,  
Against me dare they not to creak.  
My father absent, I am king,  
New dirges shall they shortly sing,

*The death of her wauers represented vnto hir, in a  
drame of an Eagle and a flocke of geese.*

**W**Hy dost thou *Morphew* me annoy?  
What fantasies dost thou intrude?  
Why dost thou me of sleepes sweete ioy,  
With vaine illusions thus delude?  
Those dreames, *i*wis that I endure,  
I doubt but little good procure.

Last night as I lay in my bed,  
Strecht forth (alas) in slumbring wise,  
Me thought a flocke of geese I fed,  
That al my corne could not suffice.  
To giue them foode I did denie,  
And yet not one away would flie.

They were a number numberles,  
Whose gagling did me much offend:  
I made them answere answerles,  
And wisht them to the fields to wend:  
Yet would they not be answered so,  
In rest for them I could not go.

H

At

## Penelopes Complaint.

At last as they were safe in mine,  
A mightie Eagle with them strit:  
And them, both great and small he slue,  
Not one of them could from him get.  
No creature could the spoile prevent,  
The Eagle was so fiercely bent.

At length when his blood-thirstie bill,  
Had thus vpon these goslings praide,  
(Me thought) the people for to kill,  
This matchles Eagle al assaide.  
They were so wroath they sware by GIS,  
They would dispoile both him and his.

Ah Cesta sweete, I thee implore,  
My doubtful dreame for to disolue,  
Fer that which *Morpheus* told of yore.  
I often in my mind reuolue.  
The resolution to me show,  
And endles thanks I wil thee owe.

*She hearing Vlysses fighting with her wooers,  
vknownen to her, she feareth.*

**H**ow doth *Vlysses* me me deride?  
How doth he foolefaine me possesse?  
He promise to'returne with speede,  
But sure he thinks of nothing lesse.  
My eies with looking for him ake,  
with trembling feare my heart doth quake.

What

## Penelope's Complaint.

25

What horror doth my heart oppresse?  
What hurly burly do I heare?  
What sturdy tumults? (God me blesse)  
What's he that plaies the tyrant there?  
Who's he cries out, what's he is slaine?  
Go Girle and see, but hie againe.

Harke, harke, at daggers point on life,  
Those dronkards with each other fight:  
Why doth my sonne not stint the strife?  
Ah how doth feare my heart affright?  
What is the cause of this their ruth?  
Come quicke (sweete wench) and tel the truth.

*Her maide sheweth the slaughter of her wooers.*

**A** Las, beblubred al with bloud,  
*Antinous* lieth vnder bord,  
Yea *Eurymac* that was so proud,  
Is slaine with dint of sharped sword:  
*Pisanders* braines are beaten out,  
And *Polybe* slaine that Champion stout.

*Eurynomus*, he waltring lies,  
And eke *Polidor* worthie knight,  
*Amphimedon* for mercie cries:  
And *Liodes* is put to flight.  
*Ctesippus* put to deadly paine,  
And eke *Eurydamantus* slaine.

*Liocrinus*



## Penelopes Complaint.

*Licritus* that Lordlie lad,  
And *Demoptolemus* is dead,  
*Euriades* hath sped as bad,  
His braines are knockt out of his head:  
I thought amidst their stately pride.  
Some Tragedie there would be plaide.

*She hearing of the death of her wooers, feareth  
lest Vlysses wil slay her also.*



Lacke, and are those Lordings slaine?  
Why then my Lord *Vlysses* deare,  
*Vlysses* mine, is come againe,  
How am I tost twixt ioy and feare?  
Ah he, tis he hath done this deede:  
Yea, he this Stratageme hath plaied,

It is *Vlysses* deales such blowes,  
What shal I silly woman doo?  
Ah see, how furiously he glowes,  
I feare he wil torment me too:  
I wil him trie, with weeping eies,  
Him to withdraw from tyrannies.

Fie: cannot twentie yeares suffice,  
Thy wrathful venome for to spit,  
But thou must thus in warlike wise,  
Thy tyranny continue yett:  
Though no wight can thy wrath appease,  
Let me request thee to surecase.

*Vlysses*



## Penelopes Complaint.

26

*Vlysses making himselfe knowne, comforteth  
Penelope with these speeches.*

**F**Eare not my iem and hearts delight,  
*Penelope* my spotles spouse,  
Those lads no more shal worke our spight,  
They shal no more defile our house.  
Ah I haue seene thy constancie,  
Thy vertues haue reioyc'd mine eie.

But oh: what haue I tyrant done,  
(Oh miser borne to endles toyle)  
Now haue I new my care begon,  
By this my pittie-wanting spoyle.  
I merciles haue many slaine.  
For bloud shall I pay bloud againe,

O furie with repentance fraught,  
(Ahemie to perfect peace.)  
Thou to confusion hast me brought,  
(Ah furie foe to humane ease.)  
I that my foes haue put to flight,  
Against my friends am forc'd to fight.

*Penelope fearing to entertaine Vlysses, debateth  
as followeth.*



**B**Vrah me wretch (borne but to wo)  
What entertainment shal I giue?  
Him, for my Lord how shal I know?  
T'is hard to know whom to belecue.  
Ah my *Vlysses* was too kind,  
To beare such a bloud-thirstie mind,

H 3

But

## *Ulysses Complaint.*

But (doting dame) what can I tell,  
May not God *Mars* his furie moue?  
May not *Bellona* make him fell?  
Ah *Mars* makes Turtles Tygers proue:  
And those are ordinary euents,  
To them that do frequent the tents.

But yet, *Vlysses* welcome home,  
(If thou my Lord *Vlysses* be)  
A thousand times to me welcome,  
Thee safe I do reioyce to see.  
Yet shew (ah good *Vlysses* show)  
Some token that I may thee know.

*Vlysses sheweth by euident tokens, he is no cofe-  
ning knight.*

**W**Hy then I am *Laertes* sonne,  
And he that Gods, and men do hate,  
Scommie of the world, by fates foredone,  
Whose death my deedes do calculate,  
Ah I am he, that for thy loue,  
A thousand perills daily proue.

Yea I am he, that fainde me mad,  
Thee in my armes for to embrace,  
And I am that vnhappy swad,  
That *Palamedes* did disgrace.  
Yea I am he that for thy sake,  
All dangers dare to yndertake.

Yea

## *Penelopes Complaint.*

27

Yea I am he, whose damned hand,  
Hauē slaine a knot of noble blood;  
And I am he, thou maist command,  
Aliue or dead, to do thee good.  
Yea I am he that maugre spight,  
Wil alwaies rest thy constant knight.

### *L' enuoy.*

Lo Ladies, *Ione* reserves a friend,  
For those that tender chastitie,  
But Leachers brought to dolefull end,  
Amidst their chiefe securitie:  
*Penelope* for bale had blisse,  
When villanes vengeance could not misse.

Let Riuals lot learne Lordly youthes,  
To shun the snare of lewd desires,  
Lest lawles loue procure their ruthes,  
With liueles lue that lust requires:  
Lest whilst they recke not what they do,  
Some good *Vlysses* wrecke their woe.

**FINIS.**